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THE MUSICAL TIMES, And Singing Class Circular.

DECEMBER 1st, 1857.

ADDENDA TO THE LIFE OF MOZART.

[A contribution of great importance to the literature of Music has certainly been made in the biography of Mozart, in three vols., by Otto von Jahn; but the plan of the author, after the German method, is so extensive, and embraces so much disquisition, that the chances of the translation of his book into English are remote,—and its cost must in any case place it beyond the means of the general reader. From this authentic source, therefore, I now propose to collect some new circumstances of Mozart's history, using materials to which I had not access in writing his life, and, with these new facts, endeavouring further to illustrate what is known. The task appears peculiarly adapted to the pages of the *Musical Times*, amongst whose readers I believe some of the greatest admirers of the composer are found.—E. HOLMES.]

THE Archbishop Hieronymus, elected to the government of Salzburg in 1772, against the general wish of the citizens, hated by them, and hating them in return, claims our first attention. His personal appearance, considering how much he inspired the Mozarts with awe and aversion, is a subject of interest. He was of middling height and sickly frame, with light grey eyes, one of which was always nearly closed. In his intercourse he was haughty and imperious, and he reserved the full severity of his manner for the natives of Salzburg, bestowing, however, some favours on his Italian dependants and others who knew how to humour him. The Mozarts were Salzburger, —but they possessed genius and the refinements of society; they had seen the world, and were gentlemen in the strictest sense. Leopold Mozart, the father, was so conscientious in the performance of his duty, that it was difficult to find fault with him, and though every now and then officially brought into contact with his prince, he seems to have borne his yoke with dogged patience. Not so the young man, who was peculiarly sensitive to any disrespectful address from strangers or superiors in station. For example, we find him moved even to passion, when a Vienna manager, writing to his father about an opera, uses the expression “your son,” instead of “your ‘Herr’ son.” In his reply, he begins—“The fool thinks,” showing how much he was offended by a neglect of the proper forms. The Archbishop amused himself with a violin after dinner, and, with the musical gentlemen of the court, took part in his private concerts. Mozart played the violin too, officially, but detested these duties; he called the music “clownish sing-song stuff.” When once he was free, he expressly stipulated, in contracting a new engagement, that he should never take up the violin at court; but his father tried to modify his resolution—he tells his son, that, rather than see his own music spoiled, he would certainly seize the violin—he reminds him that Michael

Haydn, a composer of undoubted merit, plays the tenor at these concerts, without considering it a degradation. Whether it was the bad court music, or the pointed speeches and insults of the Archbishop, or the want of remuneration for his labour, that embittered his youthful days, certain it is that he lived in a state of painful irritation. He complains of not being in a condition to compose at Salzburg, from the want of proper amusement or recreation for his mind.* The inferior nobility, too, demanded a great deal of respect, which it was difficult to give; and as for the musicians, drinking and other vices rendered them unfit for the companionship of the Mozarts. Michael Haydn had so rare talent for fugues and church music, that Mozart copied out many of his works to study the counterpoint of them; but the manners of this composer were coarse,—he was also much addicted to the bottle. He was often seen walking out of Salzburg to a neighbouring monastery to have a rouse; his songs made him always welcome there, and the cellarer hung up his portrait in a chamber which to this day is called Haydn's. He was on such good terms with the Archbishop, that he did bold things,—sometimes even attempting to play the organ in the Cathedral when he could not make his hands and feet go together, and the most alarming noises resulted. His wife (a Mdle. Lipp) had similar tastes in music, &c., and a more thoughtless pair perhaps never existed. They actually had the imprudence to establish in their house a young person whom Brunetti, solo violin player to the Archbishop, had infamously led astray. Between the high and the low in Salzburg, it was with a small circle only that the travelled and polished Mozarts could maintain intimacy, and so much the more closely knit they became in the sympathies of home. In 1777, Leopold Mozart, yielding to the pressing entreaties of his son, allowed him to resign his post, and set forth to seek his fortune. Though the tour was a failure, and broke up the domestic circle for ever—for the poor mother's death at Paris was certainly prepared by the fatigue, the cold, the loneliness, and the fretting about home which she underwent on this winter journey,—yet it evolved most extraordinary circumstances, the exaltation of Mozart's genius, and the greatest and most fleeting happiness of his life. To enjoy the dramatic incidents of this separation, we must place ourselves amid the scene itself. At evening on the day when the carriage bears away towards Munich the light-hearted composer and his mother, the father and daughter meet in their chamber over a game of piquet, to divert melancholy thought. No music for them that night; and long must it be before, hearing what they heard at home, they will hear music again! To set forth this expedition, the father, with a fixed

* Very interesting it is to speculate on the food which nourished that pleasure-giving faculty. His brother-in-law, Lange, said Mozart never showed less like a great man than when he was mentally occupied in some great work. In his outward conduct at such times, he appeared grotesque, and even childish.

income, had borrowed money which he had no prospect of repaying, except through the success of his son; and as this prospect gradually diminished, and, instead of remittances being sent home, more was required, the responsibility weighed greatly on him,—for his most esteemed and intimate friends were involved in his experiment. The father wished his son to keep these money engagements constantly before his eyes; he wished to impress him with the gravity of their situation, but the young man had escaped, and could not help being delighted. Old age and youth in each acted according to its nature, and it is affecting to think that the father would have been less surprised at the greatest composition of his son, than at the sight of £100 in coin to be called his own. Twice on his journey there were people in a common station of life who proposed to provide for Mozart,—a proof of the devotion he inspired far beyond the appointments of princes. At Munich, there was an hotel-keeper, named Albert, who would listen all day to his playing on the clavier. This man was an enthusiast, and proposed to establish a weekly subscription concert at his house, out of the proceeds of which Mozart was to be supported; and the project pleased though finally abandoned.

Mozart played concertos on the violin at this hotel, and greatly astonished his auditory. "You do not know how well you play," his father writes; "you are the first violin-player in Europe." Albert, to please his guest, gave a ball. Mozart danced but four minuets only; for among all the young ladies present, there was but one who danced "in time." There was also a music party, to which Albert invited a Mons. Dubreuil, a pupil of Tartini, thinking to find a prize in him. However, he played so badly,—not minding the rests, leaving out his part, and not knowing how to finger the passages,—that all the fine reputation of his master was demolished in an evening. Mozart was, however, pleased with his polite manners. Among his new acquaintances, he found some going to Salzburg, who would gladly have boarded with his father. On this being proposed by the son, his father replies: "You know that these people are accustomed to a good table, and to eat well, while our household living is on the most moderate scale." Every expedient to retrieve expenses failed. At Augsburg, at the house of his uncle, Mozart met for the first time, Maria Anna, a young lady cousin. She was of a lively, witty, and agreeable turn, suited to enliven the spirits of the composer; and the fortnight he spent in her society was most agreeable. He used to call her Bäsle (his little violoncello), probably on account of her figure; he wrote to her constantly letters of the most extraordinary nonsense, and seemed in his disappointments and perplexities to relieve himself by this light-hearted intercourse. At Manheim, he found himself amidst the first orchestra in Europe; and

poor Madame Mozart, who at first passed long, lonely days in inns, suffering much from the cold of a very severe winter, had at last the pleasure to hear the genius of her son acknowledged. His composition was called "divine;" no one could play the piano like him. The musicians voluntarily addressed him "Herr Kapell-meister," and for a second time there was a plan for supporting him. Here he fell in love with Aloysia Weber, the daughter of a theatrical prompter and copyist; and, as she sang very well, he, in the momentary intoxication of success, proposed to take her to Italy, as prima donna, accompanied by her father and two sisters, the eldest of whom could "cook!" This plan of bringing an additional family under the care of Leopold Mozart produced the following letter:—

Salzburg, Feb. 12, 1778.

Your letter of the 4th I have read with astonishment and dismay. I begin to-day, the 11th, to reply to it; and as I could not sleep the whole night, and am so weak that I am obliged to write quite slowly word by word, I trust by degrees to make an end to-morrow. Till now I have been tolerably well, thank God; but this letter—in which I fully recognize my son by that weakness of his which makes him ready to trust every one on a first acquaintance; his good heart to yield to blandishments and fair words (swayed hither and thither by anything he may be told), and through sudden fancies to be led into wild plans and schemes for the benefit of strangers, at the expense of his own fame and welfare, and the sacrifice of the help needful to his old and respected parents—this letter, I say, has confounded me all the more, as I was indulging a reasonable hope that the events which have already befallen you, as well as what I have both said to you and recalled to your mind by letter, would have convinced you that a man who studies his own happiness and well-doing in the world, when he finds himself among such a variety of people, good, bad, prosperous and unprosperous, must, in order to secure his own success, carefully guard the benevolent impulses of his heart, undertake nothing without the greatest circumspection, and not be hurried away by romantic schemes and unforeseen chances. I beg of you, my dear son, to read this letter with attention; take time to reflect upon it. Good God! the happy days are past when you, as a little child, never went to bed without first standing on the chair to sing to me "*Oragnia figataxa*," often kissing me on the tip of the nose, and saying that when I was old you would put me in a glass case to keep me from the air, and would always have me near you and hold me in reverence. Now listen to me patiently. Of our pecuniary obligations at Salzburg you are perfectly aware; you know my poor income, and also why I have kept my promise to you to let you go away from me and from all my anxieties. There were two objects in view in your journey: either to obtain a good permanent appointment—or, if that failed, to settle down in some great city where there would be good opportunities of employment. Both intentions were founded in the wish to assist your parents and to help forward your dear sister, but chiefly to advance your own fame and reputation, as indeed you have already done, partly in childhood and partly in your boyish years; and it rests now entirely with yourself to rise by degrees to eminence and importance such as no other composer ever attained. This effort is due

to God for the extraordinary talent you have received ; and it now depends alone on your own good sense and conduct whether you will be an ordinary composer, overlooked by the world,—or a famous kapell-meister, of whom posterity will read in books ; whether, doting on a woman's face, you will end your days on a bed of straw, in a room full of miserable children,—or whether, after leading the life of a Christian, admired by all the world, and with your family well provided for, you will die happy, wealthy, and respected. You went to Munich ; you know why. Nothing was to be done there ; well-intentioned friends wished to keep you, and you wished to remain. It was proposed to form a society—I need not go into details—in an instant you found the thing feasible, but not so I. Read my answer to you. You are of an honorable disposition ; how would it have consisted with that disposition, to depend on the monthly bounty of ten persons ? Then, again, you were wonderfully captivated by the talent of the little opera singer, and wished for nothing better than to render assistance to the German theatre ; now you declare that you would not even compose a comic opera. No sooner were you beyond the gates of Munich, than you quite forgot your friendly society of subscribers, as I foretold you would, and what was become of your Munich scheme then ? In the event of things, one always discerns the providence of God. At Augsburg, too, you have had your little adventures, entertaining yourself very pleasantly with my brother's daughter, who must needs now send you her portrait ; of this I have already written to you in my first letters to Manheim. At Wallerstein you played a thousand pranks,—danced and frolicked about in such a manner, that people thought you one of the most comical, jovial fellows they had ever met with ; this gave Herr Beecké occasion to speak disparagingly of your merit (though that is now, however, set in another light through the visit to Salzburg of the two gentlemen* who heard your compositions, and your sister's style of playing, which, as she always said "I am but a pupil of my brother," created the greatest esteem for your talent, and led them to speak in strong terms of Beecké's bad composition). You did very well, while at Manheim, to ingratiate yourself with Herr Cannabich ; this would, however, have come to nothing, had he not had his own purposes to serve in it ;—I have already written to you about this ; Cannabich's daughter was now praised to the skies, her temperament was portrayed in the adagio of a sonata,—in short, she was now the favorite. You next made the acquaintance of Herr Wendling ; it was his turn then to be your most valued friend : what followed this I need not repeat. Presently after comes your new acquaintance, Herr Weber, and now everybody else is forgotten ; this family is now the most worthy, pious family, and the daughter is the principal character in the tragic drama about to be enacted by her family and ours. All this you are led into by that intoxication of benevolence which inclines your open-hearted nature to adopt any scheme for any body without caution, as though such things were just and practicable, and quite a matter of course.

Your plan is to take her to Italy as a prima donna. Tell me, now, if you know of any prima donna who has ever ventured to tread the Italian stage as *prima donna*, without having first been before the public in Germany ? How many operas did Signora Bernasconi appear in at Vienna, under the judicious superin-

tendence and instruction of Glück and Calsabigi ? How many operas did Mdle. Deiber sing in at Vienna, under the instruction of Hasse, and the famous singer and actress, Signora Tesi, whom you saw, when a child, at the Princess Hildburghausen's, and whose Moorish maid you kissed ? How often did Mdle. Schindler rehearse on the Viennese stage, after she had made her *début* at the country seat of Baron Fries, under the direction of Hasse, Tesi, and Metastasio ? Would any of these have ventured to present themselves in the first instance before an Italian audience ? What powerful patronage and strong recommendations were requisite before they could attain their object ! Princes and noblemen recommended them, and composers and poets of acknowledged fame answered for their ability : you wish me to write to Luggiati, proposing that you should compose an opera for fifty ducats, though you know that the Veronese have no money, nor ever require a new opera. I am now to apply to Ascensa, as Michelagata has not even sent a reply to either of the letters I wrote him. I am to say that Mdle. Weber sings like a Gabrielli ; that she possesses a *powerful* voice for the Italian stage, &c. ; that she is of a good figure for a prima donna, &c. ; and it is perfectly ridiculous that you will be responsible for her action. Something more must go to that. The well-meant efforts of the old doting Hasse banished Miss Davis from the Italian stage, for she was hissed off the first night, and her part given to the Amicis. It is not only a young lady who is agitated on first appearing in a foreign country, but a man even well used to the stage. And think you that is all ? By no means. *Ci vuole il possesso di teatro*. A command of the stage is requisite for a young lady, as regards the manner of her entrance, her toilette, &c. You know all this yourself, if you reflect on it ; and I know that, on close consideration, you will be convinced that your design, though prompted by a good heart, requires time and great preparation, and must be brought about in quite another manner, if it is to succeed hereafter. What manager would not laugh if any one were to recommend him a young girl of sixteen or seventeen who had never been on the stage before ! Your proposal (I can scarcely hold the pen when I think of it)—your proposal, to travel about with Herr Weber and two daughters, has put me almost beside myself. My dear son—how could so detestible an idea have occurred to you ? Your letter is nothing less than a romance. And could you really resolve to travel about the world with strangers ?—to set aside your fame, your old parents, your dear sister,—to make me, who love you, the jest and ridicule of the prince and of the whole city, and to bring contempt on yourself, as I told everybody who enquired of me, that you were going to Paris ; and after all you want to go travelling about with strangers. No ; you cannot, after one moment's consideration, entertain the idea. Nevertheless, that I may convince you of your over-haste, let me tell you that the present time is just that in which no sensible man could form such a project. Affairs are in such a state, that no one can tell where war may break out ; for in every place regiments are either marching, or preparing to march. In Switzerland ? In Holland ? Throughout the summer in those places there is not a soul ; and in winter, at Berne or Zurich, a man can just gain as much as may keep him from starving—beyond that there is nothing. In Holland there is now something else to think of besides music, and the half of the receipts and expenses are shared by M. Hummel ; and what

* A violin and cello player of the Prince of Wallerstein's orchestra, who, having heard Mozart, were anxious to hear his sister, and played trios with her.

would become of your reputation? That is only fit for lesser stars, for second-rate composers, for Schwindl, Zappa, Ricci, and the like. Name a single great composer, with a proper estimate of himself, who would take such a paltry step. *Off with you to Paris*, and that quickly; set great men before you—*aut Cæsar, aut nihil*. The mere thought of seeing Paris ought to have kept you clear of every casual event. From Paris the name and fame of a man of genius spreads through the whole world. There the nobility treat genius with the greatest condescension, respect, and politeness; there an elegant manner of life prevails, which contrasts surprisingly with the coarseness of our German gentry, and there you may perfect yourself in the French tongue.

As for what concerns the society of Wendling, and the rest, you need not trouble yourself about it. You have known them a long time, and has not your mother observed them? Were you both blind? No, I know how it must be. You were taken with them, and then feared to contradict yourselves. I feel hurt that you should both have been wanting in confidence and the candour to inform me circumstantially of everything; I have related to the elector exactly what you told me, and after a time everything must come out. You wished to spare me trouble, and you have brought a deluge of troubles on my head that nearly overwhelms me. You know and have had a thousand proofs that God has given me a sound understanding, and that my head is still in its right place—that I have often found a way out of the most perplexed and difficult affairs, and have foreseen and advised upon many matters; what then could have kept you from asking my advice, and acting according to my wishes? My son, you should consider me as your sincere friend as well as your vigilant father; think if I have not at all times treated you as a friend, and served you as a servant serves his master, procuring you every possible enjoyment and pleasure that is right and proper, often with the greatest inconvenience to myself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes much with their proper classification.

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Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose payment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We again remind those who are disappointed in getting back numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to supply the current sale.

We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.

We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.

A Lover of Music.—*Walsh's edition of the Messiah, the first ever printed, and the plates of which are now the property of J. A. Novello, has been followed in Novello's edition. The text, as written by Handel himself, is strictly adhered to in the passage, "And the glory of the Lord;" but, practically, the word "glory" is sung to two quavers.*

Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

AGBURTH (near Liverpool).—A concert was given here, in connection with the Working Men's Association, on the 17th of November. Miss Jessie Hammond, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Ferrie, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. Williams, were the vocalists. A patriotic song, entitled "A Soldier's Song,"

written by James Ballantine, Esq., of Edinburgh, and composed by Mr. Joseph Skeaf, jun., was rapturously encored. The whole was under Mr. Skeaf's direction.

ALNWICK.—The Alnwick Amateur Choral Society gave their fifth public concert, in the Town Hall, on the 10th ult., which was very numerously attended by the inhabitants of the town and surrounding district. There were between 400 and 500 persons present. Mr. Benjamin Thompson is the teacher and conductor of the choir, and deserves much credit for the taste and perseverance with which he manages the rehearsals. Mr. George A. Reay, organist, presided at the pianoforte. The concert, as usual, was divided into two parts, sacred and secular.

BIRKENHEAD.—The first concert of the recently formed society, called "The Birkenhead Amateur Musical Union," took place on the 17th of November, at the Craven Rooms. The music was very well and spiritedly rendered. The choruses were given with precision and effect, and much credit is due to Mr. E. Gunton, the conductor, for his admirable drilling.

BIRMINGHAM.—Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*, was given at the Town Hall on the 5th of November, in aid of the Relief Fund for the sufferers in India, by the members of the Festival Choral Society, who volunteered their services upon the occasion. The principal vocalists were Miss Rainforth, Miss A. Hill, Mrs. Hayward, Messrs. T. Williams, Farrell, and Thomas. Leader, Mr. Hayward; organist Mr. J. Stimpson; conductor, Mr. W. C. Stockley.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Apollo Glee and Friendly Society held their eighth anniversary dinner at the Greyhound Inn, on the 11th of November, when upwards of 70 persons sat down; Mr. W. Savage presiding, and Mr. C. Fletcher fulfilling the duties of vice-chairman. An appropriate selection of music was performed by Messrs. Stilliard, Heritage, Kimberley, Morley, Smith, Ward, Campion, and Hilliar; Mr. Bladon officiating as accompanist.

BISHOP'S AUCKLAND.—On Friday evening, Oct. 23rd, a meeting was held in the Barrington School, consisting of persons desirous of promoting the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. Dr. Thwaites took the chair, and those present resolved themselves into a society, to be called "The Bishop's Auckland Philharmonic Society." Various resolutions were passed, indicating the way in which the members considered the society ought to be conducted. The management of the details was vested in a committee, having for their president Dr. Thwaites. Mr. Astrop, organist of St. Ann's church, was appointed conductor; Mr. Brotherton, organist of St. Andrew's, organist; Mr. W. Kilburn, jun., pianist; and Mr. Tait, secretary and treasurer. The thanks of the meeting were given to the Rev. G. E. Green, for his kindness in consenting to the use of the Barrington School for the weekly practice; and, after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting separated. Many of the principal inhabitants have given handsome subscriptions to defray the expenses incidental to the commencement of such a society.

BRADFORD.—Jackson's oratorio, *The Deliverance of Israel*, was performed in St. George's Hall, on Monday, the 2nd of November, with Yorkshire talent only. Mr. Jackson himself conducted. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Mr. J. Burton presided at the organ. The band was selected from Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and neighbouring villages. The chorus consisted of the Bradford Festival Choral Society and the Bradford Choral Union, strengthened by a few select voices from neighbouring towns. The whole numbered nearly 300 performers. As a whole, the performance was good. The band had but one rehearsal, consequently, were not quite equal to the chorus, which had been well and carefully drilled by the composer. In fact, the chorus was all that could be desired. There was plenty of power for the stronger parts of the music, which was performed with

(Continued on page 159.)